

BLUE GRASS BLADE

Volume XVIII

A. T. Parker
High and Ashland East Side
Spoo

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NUMBER 6

UNIVERSE vs. SPOOKS

Affirmative Argument of the Non-Existence of a God and Future Life

EXPOSITION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE MATERIALIST ASSOCIATION

(By President Otto Wettstein, S. S.)

"In discussing anything the weight of reasoning, and not of authority, should be sought, since the authority of those who profess to teach is, on the whole, a hindrance to those who wish to learn. For the latter cease to depend upon their own judgment, and take for granted the conclusions of those in whom they confide."—Cicero.

"The test of Truth is Reason, not Faith; for to the court of Reason must be submitted even the claims of Faith."—Ambrose Bierce.

"People are not converted to Atheism, because who wants to be continued in an hour that he has been a fool all his life?"—Grier Kidder.

"Reason is the light, the sun of the brain. It is the compass of the mind, the ever constant Northern star, the mountain peak that lifts itself above all clouds."—Ingersoll.

Some seek the belief that best comports with their vanity and ideas of comfort.

Materialists search for facts and truth, regardless of preferences and consequences. As Huxley said: "We are not here to enquire what we would prefer, but what is truth?"

The conflict between science and theism (including spiritism) is a contest between reality and mystery; between fact and fiction; between an immutable eternal order pervading nature, and caprice of miracle; between everything and spooks.

Materialism is the science of all sciences—Monism, Ontology, Physics, Biology, Physiology, Chemistry, Astronomy, Psychology, Pharmacology, and others—all must be classified under the head of Materialism. If we confine our belief strictly to what we KNOW, to facts, truth and to what we can rationally infer, then we are Materialists.

"Materialism" not only implies oneness—nature ONLY in distinction from nature AND GOD—but also plainly defines what this unity consists of. Matter. That is why "Monism" is objectionable—it might imply all is God, all is spirit, all is mind or other superstitions. "Materialism" defines itself,—"Monism" leaves the novice in doubt.

Materialism reduces the mysteries of nature and spirit to their minimum. Theism vastly augments the problem beyond hope of final solution. The mysteries of nature are great, the mysteries of a God and spirit, infinitely greater.

Materialism explains everything which has been, and will be explained, every phenomena, event, law, growth, activity, formation, process, etc., from tangible facts or

Here are a few facts, from "London Lancet" which prove that from this earth can never reach other worlds, realms, spheres, a heaven if there is one, etc. "Beyond our atmosphere life is impossible. At a height of even five miles the pulse rate increases, heart action irregular, secretions diminish, while evaporation from the skin and lungs are greatly augmented. There are swellings of the veins, bleeding of the nose and a sense of being unable to use the legs and arms. At six miles unconsciousness ensues and the aeronaut, unless quickly restored to normal atmospheric conditions expires."

Spirits likewise ignore the prominent fact of nature that all organisms are transient—begin and end—are born and die. Yet they believe that all the dead (though the constituents of their bodies are scattered and absorbed by other forms) are still alive, duplicate men and women without physical bodies, made of nothing,

or what? Isn't it about time the S. P. R. would tell us what disembodied mortals are made of?

Physiologists and medical men KNOW that every bone, muscle, organ, artery and nerve is a necessity to the life of a perfect man. This physical structure IS the man; then how can we believe man can survive its destruction? We cannot even think of souls or spirits without first investing them with physical structure and material dry goods.

Here spookists insist in reply that "Neither can we see electricity, yet are aware of its errible potentiality." But there is no analogy between an inorganic force or fluid like electricity and organic spirit forms—the counterpart of man and women. If not this—if transformed into gas, air or electricity—how can we again meet our beloved dead and hope to retain our own identity?

Souls or spirits must possess the form and functions of matter—these are none! But such forms and functions necessitate organic structure—flesh, blood, bones, brain, etc. In the absence of the latter the former are unthinkable.

Agnostics say: "It is impossible to prove there is no God; you cannot traverse an infinite universe in search of him." I do not have to search for him—he has to come to me! If he does not come to me, this alone proves there is no such a being, because the primal attribute of "Deity" must be omnipresence. If then, God is not where I am, where you are, or where science has penetrated with its giant telescopes, then this proves conclusively that "He" is nowhere. To believe that such a being is everywhere, in spite of "His" invisibility, and in spite of our knowledge that life is impossible among suns and planets, is to prostitute our intellect and to believe in an infinite spook.

"We KNOW the supernatural does not exist," said Col. Ingersoll in his last great lecture "What Is Religion?" Conceding that he did "not know" in the early years of his brilliant career, he boldly and honestly rejected the timid attitude of an Agnostic; after more analytical research in the domain of science, and rationally but unequivocally placed himself before the world as a radical and aggressive Materialist.

On the highway of reason—in the evolution of religious thought—there is no stopping place between Romanism and scientific Materialism. The Agnostic should not be an Agnostic BECAUSE HE IS AN AGNOSTIC. He reasons, and pronounces the fundamental doctrines of Christianity unreasonable. He rejects him as authority and then has absolutely nothing to build a faith upon. Even the great but pious Gladstone conceded: "Unless you accept the testimony of the bible as conclusive, you could not have one of God's existence and man's immortality?" But the bible stories our Agnostic friend cannot accept. Then science beckons him to enter its glorious temple of facts and truth. Here among the records of senses and thinkers he may realize the ecstasies of acquiring knowledge and aiding personally in the grandest of all work—that of solving the great riddle of existence and life. If he persists in this noble work he will inevitably join the vanguard of modern thought—the Materialist Association—to substitute truth for error and to rid the world of superstition.

We affirm: There is no God and eternal life for the individual. There is absolutely no evidence to prove these vagaries. We deny as we do Mother Goose or the devil, because childish fable. We KNOW there is no God as we know there is no elephant in our office or parlor, or that twice two is not five. There are innumerable God ideals, varied as humanity itself—from an "Overruling Providence," "Great Dynamic," or "Heavenly Father," etc., etc., to the "Biblical" you can buy for a nickel in the stores—but all alike are childish conceptions, phantoms, conjectures, and IDEAS OF SPOOKS.

We KNOW there is no future life if we consider man, his life and death, as we consider all other self-evident every day facts of nature. There is no mystery about it whatever. Death is precisely what it appears to be—the disintegration and end of the individual. We know that the origin and birth of his body was his beginning. We know if his parents had never mated he would not now exist. He knows his physical body is the man and the man is his physical body. He is born and dies like the lower animals—he is an animal. He knows absolutely nothing

of his "soul" or "spirit" only as a physical process or function of his complex, living, physical structure. He cannot imagine himself alive, or existing at all, when all that made him a man is disintegrated and the constituents of his body have been absorbed by innumerable other forms.

When we consume a fowl and a dog swallow the bones we know that is the end of that particular fowl. As the hen is no more when eaten, so we are no more when cremated.

And all is well!
LaGrange, Illinois.

SOME BIBLE TEACHINGS.

WITH COMMENTS ON CREATION STORIES.

The writer of the Book of Genesis commences by saying "In the beginning," but fails to tell us when the beginning was. He says that light was created on the first day; also on the fourth; that three whole days went by without either the heat, light or rising or setting of the sun. He says that the earth after creation was "without form and void." How is that for an inspired contradiction? He says that two females had to be created before a progeny was started—on the sixth day and one in the garden of Eden. He tells us that the first man born into the world was a murderer; that he murdered his brother; and the Lord, instead of punishing him for the act, protects him by putting a mark upon him, lest any should kill him. No wonder so many murderers get off so easy; they have the words of inspiration to protect them. The writer doesn't tell us why because of the female created and blessed on the sixth day, but tells us that Adam was found alone and lonesome in the Garden of Eden. Then while one account of creation would have been the greatest of plenty, he destroys both the sense and truth of the first account by undertaking to give us two.

In his first attempt, he says that man, male and female, were the last things created. In his second attempt, he has man made before the animals, and then brought before him to see what he would call them. This writer tells us that God ended his work on the seventh day, and that he was resting. He speaks of the day as resting several times in the Bible God is spoken of as saying and doing things that he was sorry for, and then repenting for he was. He repeats having made man on the sixth day, and then changed his mind and thought God went to do his resting. This writer also says that Noah was the first man to be found drunk, and that Abraham was the first to lie about his wife, and that Lot was the first charged with the crime of incest. He says that God has made frequent visits to this earth and that he took two men to heaven alive. He also says that he was at one time made a god and supplied with a people.

This writer must have written the Book of Genesis altogether from hearsay, as we don't find the record of his birth until we reach the Book of Exodus. How could the Lord or any one else inspire him to write a book and he not yet born. Then we don't find either his own name nor the god that inspired him signed to a word in the book.

Thomas Jefferson once remarked that a manuscript not worthy the author's name was not worth reading. So we think about the Bible.

Five books are attributed to this writer, but the truth is no man can prove that he ever wrote a word in them. He must have been a pretty smart chap wherever he was, for when he comes to close his last book, he beats the minister out of his fees for a funeral sermon, by preaching it himself, giving us a full account of his death and burial while he is still living; and it takes a pretty smart fellow to do that.

Yours truly,
JOEL M. BERRY.

Not To Be Wasted.

A gentleman lying on his deathbed was questioned by his inconsolable prospective widow. "Poor Mike," said she, "I'll have anything that would make me comfortable? Anythin' ye ask for I'll get for ye." "Please, Bridget," he responded, "I think I'd like a wee taste of the ham I sold a-billin' in the kitchen."

"Arrah, go on," responded Bridget. "Divil a bit of that ham ye'll get. 'Tis for the wake."

HUMAN AFFECTION

The Handmaid of Reason, and Love, the Inspiration, Which Leads to Hopes of Another Life

(By J. B. Wilson, M. D.)

Men and women existed before creeds, before governments, before scientific and philosophic research. Love existed before these. Love is the only religion—the purple life of life. It is the religion of humanity; spreading itself, naturally, toward the many, harmonizing, softening the savage nature and making men become humane and charitable.

Love is the Burden of all of Nature's

Odes.

It is heard in the song of the awakening birds, when the sunlight smites the woods with fire, and they strain their warbling throats to record their hymns, and chant their carols blest.

It is heard in the wild feet of the elfin wind, dancing and prancing mid the forest boughs; in the fret and fall of the millstream, as o'er bar and bank it brawls in boisterous glee; in the gale which curls the lake's bright lips, and lifts a deeper, purer water to the light; in the purr and spurr of the rivulet, speeding, sparkling through dark woodlands, as if a maid's silvery feet glanced through the star beams on a calm summer night; in the marriage of the flowers which spot the meadows and fringe the brookside with strands of diamonds and of pearls; in the sighing winds, when summer has exchanged her robes of green, and arrayed herself in gorgeous tints of gold and purple—when all the trees have torches lit and the golden rod and russet corn nod and bend in the autumn blaze; in the moaning blast, when winter whistles through numb fingers, and the drowsy snow blows in great drifts across the flowers; in the crackle of the fire and the roar of the chimney—in the merriment of the hearth, around which frolic affections as purely blend, as a cloudless blue sky with the lap of babe, in the lullaby song, in laughter and tears, in social glee, in song of plough-boy, in the symphony of the composer, in the hum of industry, in the tramp of progress, in the cadence of night winds in the attem of the eataract, in the deep water, in the high air, and in the bowels of the earth, Love is the condition and employment of all things.

Love is first, love is last, love is best, love directs education and science—inspires progress—love governs the world.

The man who loves is touched with Nature's choicest charms; and all her mystic emotions, her sublimest moods, her softest lights, her sweetest sounds, her loveliest forms, in him unite to found a habitation and a home, and he lives in peace with all the world.

By love, I do not mean the response by sex alone, but that union of all the higher emotions, which brings not only individuals, but all the human family together in ties of fellowship and concord; which inspires friendship, confidence and a union of interests; which leads the strong to help the weak; which tames the wild nature of man, by the all powerful might of beauty, harmony and necessity. Every thing beautiful in nature—form, color, sound, light, all contribute to these civilizing and gracious ends. This is love.

The father loves to give his offspring education and opportunities never known to himself. Nations love to bequeath strength and power to the generations which follow. From love of justice, men go to battle and die. It is love in some form or other which actuates, leads and compels men to higher things.

It is love which immortalizes genius, which leads man to hope to live again; and as long as man loves, that hope will live.

Because I love, I hope to live again; and I want to live again. This is a normal desire, and just as natural as the desire to live tomorrow.

All around me I see change, ever-lasting, eternal change, and I am led from this observation to believe that death ends all. All around me too I see progression, endless, eternal progression, and from this observation, I am led to wish that the progression began in me, will be endless, eternal progression.

The idea of extinction is not pleasing to me. The desire for extinction is unnatural, abnormal in anybody of healthy digestion and loving nature; in any one, to whom the ruptured air is ringing with earth's music.

"Aye, but to die and go we know not where; To lie in cold obstruction and to rot; This sensible warm motion to become A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit;

To bathe in fiery floods; or to reside In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice; To be imprisoned in the viewless winds

And blown with restless violence Round about the pendant world."

The immortal bard expressed my feelings. "It is not pleasant to me to contemplate extinction—to rot and to be imprisoned in the viewless winds." There is no consummation in such a change. There is no inspiring object, no progressive intellectual immortality. If there be an intellectual purpose in nature, it is this accomplishment. Nature is not supreme, if she stops short of this purpose.

I hear it frequently said: "The worst that can be said of death, is that it is a sweet rest." This was a frequent expression of Ingersoll.

I do not see any "sweetness" in an indefinite rest. I do not see anything desirable in rest at all—no mystery, no philosophy, no sublime purpose, no supreme accomplishment.

Much rest is wearisome. Give me action—give me contention, give me the storm and the tempest always in preference to the "sweet rest" of extinction. If Nature had a purpose in my organization, her purpose is thwarted if she does not extend the development she took the trouble to begin.

If for no other purpose, I want to live again, led by the curiosity to see how things turn out. There's something in this; but to die and dip immediately into cerberian darkness—there's nothing in that to the credit of either Nature or God. The healthy mind may believe it, but no healthy mind, no mind that loves, can wish it. It may be true, and I think often it is true, but to me it is not an attractive truth.

So I want to live again, I want to see how things turn out. I feel that I am just beginning to grow. I shall just be ready to accomplish something when I die. I want to continue to expand and progress.

I want the same for all others especially for the ignorant, the suffering, the deformed, the vicious, the depraved, and all the helpless of earth.

I want to see every flower of humanity, ripen, like Highland Mary, "by death's untimely frost," bud and blossom into full and fragrant being.

I want to see those youthful geniuses, Hypatia, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Heine, Keats, Poe and May Collins reembody and scintillate in the crystalline spheres.

I want to see those who have dreamed glorious dreams of the good they would do if they only had the choice and opportunity. I want to see the broken heart mended.

I want to see justice crown the martyr. I want to see the freedom caged soul, which sighed the sad hours heavily away through long years of dungeon gloom, pass conscious through the bars of death to delicious liberty.

I want to see the persecuted face the persecutor, where all things are (Continued on Page 4.)

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BY

CHARLES CHILTON MOORE.
And edited by him until his death,
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ton, Kentucky.

The Blade struck a popular cord in
the reduction of its price to one dollar
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lisher to make the Blade a great popu-
lar paper, and to do so by reducing the
price within the reach of all. In this connection we wish to an-
nounce that payment on back sub-
scriptions will be received at the
same rate. The address tab on the
paper shows the date to which your
subscription has been paid. In re-
solving for back subscriptions or renew-
als, credit will be given at the rate
of one dollar per year. And bear in
mind, you can do some good mission-
ary work by sending the Blade to ten
of your friends for one year for five
dollars.

We have been fighting against time
in the office of the Blade for the past
month. We are calendar makers on a
large scale, and the general business
prosperity has tended to swamp the
office with work of this kind. As it
is well known this work must be com-
pleted before the first of January.
Consequently the Blade has suffered
some little by being a day or two
behind in its appearance. The first
of January is here now, however; the
calendar work is all done, and there
seems to be no reason why the Blade
should not make its weekly visits
promptly and regularly. We have
some bright promises of articles from
friends of the old days, of articles
that will place the Blade where it be-
longs—in the front rank of publica-
tions of its kind.

We have received a number of let-
ters from friends calling our atten-
tion to the fact that certain scurri-
lous circulars attacking the Blade and
accusing the publisher of duplicity
have recently been sent through the
mail, and asking why we do not re-
ply to them. We have not seen these
circulars, know little of their con-
tents and of course cannot reply. The
one humorous thing of this avalanche
of billingsgate is that the late editor-
ial writer of the Blade received the
manifest salary of six dollars per
week. In looking over our books
we find that just four times that
amount was handed him every Sat-
urday night, and our books are open

to any one else who cares to look. He
was a man of some talent—too much
talent to place upon the market at a
dollar a day. We hear a great deal
now about peace on earth and good
will to men. We desire peace, and
entertain for all men good will. Our
experience has been, and perhaps
yours has, that the backhitter answers
himself. That he is sure

"A tangled web to weave
When he attempts to deceive."

We have entirely too much confi-
dence in the American love of fair
play—the American idea of a square
deal—to lose much sleep over under-
hand methods to destroy us. On the
streets at night we are apt to keep
a lookout for the foot-pat and the
hold-up man; but safe in our office
or home, attacks from gentry of this
kind are powerless.

One thing you will notice, with a
big N, is that the Blade is going right
along from week to week; that it did
not die on December 12th. In court,
false in one particular, false in all;
so in all walks of life.

We were pleasantly surprised one
day last week at receiving a visit
from a prominent Freethinker,
who is an officer in the American Ra-
tionalist Association. He stated he
had received a number of circular let-
ters, the first announcing the death
of the Blade, another denying the ac-
curacy of the financial statement we
recently published in connection with
the paper. After going carefully over
the books with us, and making some
inquiries on his own account, he an-
swered "you continue my subscrip-
tion, and you continue my subscrip-
tion to the Blade." We were glad to
receive this visit, and would be glad
to receive others from Freethinkers
who should happen to be in the vicini-
ty. Our subscribers are our friends.
We have no secrets from them. We
are always pleased to show them the
books and extend them a touch of the
genuine article of true Kentucky hospi-
tality.

One must read these long winter
evenings. "Dog Fennel in the Or-
ient" by the late Charles C. Moore,
and "A Trip to Rome" by Dr. J. B.
Wilson are two books that combine
all that is amusing, entertaining and
instructive. They are both for sale
at the office of the Blade. Price \$1.25
each.

We have always said that the great
fight of the future will be between
Catholicism and Freethought. Pro-
testation is an illogical compromise,
an impossible reconciliation of faith
and reason, and is therefore but tem-
porary. It has been breaking up ever
since it first appeared. Scams multi-
ply, doctrines fade away into nothing-
ness, and at last we get the New
Theology, which is really nothing but
Deism under the guise of Christianity.
The Catholic Church, however, holds
on to the old dogmas and the old
worship. It makes no concessions
to the modern spirit of inquiry. The
Catholic Church is alien and hateful.
That, indeed, is the main secret of its
strength. It really represents the
past—with all its superstitions and
traditions. Recognizing, then, that
the Catholic Church is the great and
final enemy of Freethought, we
still propose to stand by our own
principles in fighting it. Our worst
temptation is the temptation to re-
sort to our enemy's tactics. The
Catholic Church lies and falsifies—
but we must not; the Catholic Church
persecutes—but we must not; the
Catholic Church murders—but we
must not. If we were to slay a Car-
dinal, for instance, in revenge for the
execution of Ferrer, we should be
false to our own ideas; and what is
the use of winning in a war only to
find in the hour of victory that you
have lost all that you started fighting
for? What is the use of reaching the
goal if you arrive there with the
wrong principles? How have you
triumphed over the enemies of lib-
erty and light if you have adopted all
their vices in the course of the struggle?
—London Freethinker.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Kind Words from an Old Subscriber.
SHILOH, O. Dec. 18—James E.
Hughes, Publisher: Dear Brother in
Freethought: Your letter came to
hand yesterday, and am very, very
glad to know that you are going
to keep the Blade running. Yours frat-
ernally.—CHAS. R. KIMBERLY.

Keep the Blade Going.
SHILOH, O. Dec. 18—James E.
Hughes, proprietor of Blue Grass
Blade: Dear Freethought Brother:
We want C. Moore's paper to live,
and don't you dispose of it as long
as it is on a paying basis; but sell
it if you don't want it. Don't under-
take to kill it—you might fail. Yours
earnestly.—CHAS. R. KIMBERLY.

Never Received Article.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Dec. 13.
—Editor Blade: Late in August last
I mailed to The Blade my 32nd arti-
cle of the series entitled, "The His-
tory of Religion." I wrote to let
whether you received it? and if so,
whether you intended to publish it? If
not, I wish to know, as I may offer it
to other publishers; and also, in that
case I shan't find it necessary to
renew the subscriptions which I have
been paying for other readers, and
which will soon expire. Some years
ago, I was asked by Mr. Hughes to
write frequently for the Blade, and
once when its publishers thought that
the little paper must soon be discon-
tinued, Mr. Geo. Vale, Mrs. Vale, Uri-
ah Smith, D. D., Dr. Wilson, Mrs.
Hemly and a very few other writers
besides myself sustained it until it
became established. Through its col-
umns I may reach a few Christians,
whom I can help in the right way.
Please answer through The Blade.
Yours respectfully.—SUSAN J.
PECK.

Kind Words from People's Press.

CHICAGO.—Comrade Hughes: If
I can help you in the way of notes
to keep The Blue Grass Blade going,
let me know or send me any notice
you think may help. We need every
Freethought paper we now have in
the cause, so keep it going if you
can, even if you have to cut down the
size and expense, same as People's
Press. Let me hear from you. Heart-
ly.—J. B. LEXAU.

Stuck on New Size.

CANNON FALLS, Dec. 21.—Friend
Jas. E. Hughes: Received the Blade
yesterday in the new shape. You say
you want letters from your subscrib-
ers, so here go. I am 7 years old and
am a very proud of the fact; it
enables me to have to cut down the
size and expense, same as People's
Press. Let me hear from you. Heart-
ly.—J. B. LEXAU.

You Are a Blade Subscriber.
HOWARD, KANS., Dec. 20.—Jas.
E. Hughes, Editor Blade: Dear
Hughes: I was both surprised and de-
lighted to receive a copy of The
Blade. I am surprised that it still survives
after Charlesworth, in his last let-
ter, said that it was dead for all
time, and asking Blade subscribers to
fill out blank agreement to accept the
"Rationalist," a new publication to
be launched some time in the near
future, which I, and no doubt many
others did, as my subscription to the
Blade is paid for another year and
recepted for by Mr. Charlesworth. I
suppose that if the Blade had "gone
glittering," I would have accepted the
Rationalist in lieu of refunding my
money, but my heart was heavy at
the loss, or rather the demise of The
Blade. But lo! and behold, today it
came in its old familiar form, and my
heart rejoiced as if a long-lost friend
had appeared. I love the old form
so much better than the new. The
new Blade was dry and uninteresting,
and I do hope for the successful con-
tinuation of the Blade with ever-in-
creasing interest. And now, Mr.
Hughes, will you please explain
whether I am a subscriber of The
Blade or the "Rationalist"? It seems
to me I was tricked into the trans-
ferring of my interest in the
Blade to the Rationalist. I most
anxiously await your opinion in the
case. I shouted for joy when I saw
the old familiar face in the corner of
The Blade.—MRS. IDA COON.

Send Them In.

NATTI, MILITARY HOME, OHIO,
Dec. 20.—Jas. E. Hughes: Dear Sir:
I am sorry to see any dissatisfaction
in the publication of The Blade. I am
disappointed also in not seeing any
of my articles in print that I have
sent in during the last year. I have
just renewed my subscription, but
if you intend to pay no attention to my
writings in the future, you may stop
sending me The Blade, and I will cor-
respond with a paper that will be

glad to get my contributions. So
hoping you may not feel aggrieved at
my wishing to see fair play, I am
yours truly.—JOEL M. BERRY.

Likes the New Blade.

SYCAMORE, KANS., Dec. 22nd.—
Jas. E. Hughes, Ed. Blue Grass Blade,
Lexington, Ky.: Dear Sir: The Blade
of the 19th is at hand, and I am
proud to say it is the best number to
my notion that has been put out for
some time. I note that it has put on
its old clothes again. I like it. It
looks good to me. And the placing of
Brother C. C. Moore's photo at the
head of the editorial column is very
timely and a fitting recognition, in a
measure, of the good that Bro. Moore
did for humanity while living. While
I did not agree with Bro. Moore on
his capitalistic views (as I am a So-
cialist), yet I admire him for his
frank and outspoken, and aggres-
sive—just the right kind of a man
for a leader. He was built of the
kind of material that does things.
He had the courage of his convictions,
and faced death as "One who
wages the drapery of his coat about
him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams." I remain yours truly.—
J. F. MAYO.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Chardon, O., Dec. 25, '09.
"U. Dharmakoka, Dear Sir:—
"It may appear rather presumptu-
ous for so humble an individual as
me to write to one of the Wise
Men of the East, but having seen
noble expressions in three of the Lib-
eral sheets of America from your
pen concerning Thomas Paine, I feel
constrained to say that you and your
people award him more justice than
the press of the East has been able
to do. I am 7 years old and am a
very proud of the fact; it enables me
to have to cut down the size and
expense, same as People's Press. Let
me hear from you. Heartly.—J. B.
LEXAU.

The Doubter's Prayer.
(By John Emerson Roberts.)
O, thou infinite, invisible, nameless
One, whom men must name, and nam-
ing call Thee God. If thou art, why
may not men know Thee as Thou art?
If Thou art not, why should they
thought of Thee embitter and pervert
the hearts of men?

Thy worshippers are guessers, and
guessing at the Divine hidden, men,
like children at play, fall out and
quarrel, turning happiness and joy to
strife and tears.
In Thy name they have built
dungeons—piled fagots and devised
tortures from which life fled to the
cool embrace of death, the last and
only friend. They have called Thee
maker of Paradise and Hell—Thou
Infinite, and have said the glory
of Thy throne shone more refulgent,
the music of celestial joy was sweet-
ened by the cry of anguish and the
sob of pain which rose and reached
the heartless happiness of the blest.
In Thy name men have trampled into
the mire the sweet earth with blood
and touched with fingers of hate every
nerve of pain—violated every holy
bond—right—curse the world with
every crime, and in Thy name, list-
ening for Thy unpeaking voice, men
have been heedless of the cry of a
suffering world; reading the revela-
tion they said was Thine, they have
been blind to truth, deaf to reason,
and enemies of knowledge. Follow
ing Thee, they have gone astray—
serving Thee they have burdened their
fellows. Dwellers in huts have
built Thy cathedrals and overlaid
them with barbaric gold. Wearers of
rags have worn purple and the linen
for indolent tyrants claiming to act
for Thee. Priests have fattened while

the death agony of the cross, were
kinder than Thy silence in the skies.
Help us to forgive Thee. If Thou
wouldst have Thy name revered on
earth, make kind and gracious those
who embody it on their garments
and banish it from their hearts.
If religion is to endure among men,
cast out from it the devils of hatred
and clothe it with the comeliness of
sanity and love. If Thy temples are
to remain, open them to the light and
make them hospitable to every honest
thought. Since Thou art silent, may
men speak modestly when they speak
of Thee? Since Thou art hidden, may
men not claim they see?

And if in the illimitable mysteri-
s of life and death there are those who,
seeking cannot find, pondering cannot
know—what question the eternal si-
lence in vain, who say at last Thou
art not—turn not Thou from them!
May honest doubt find favor in Thy
sight; reason unbarred walk the
earth; character be counted as salva-
tion's very self; the noble purpose
and unselfish aim be dear to Thee;
virtue unblinking meet Thy search-
ing gaze, and love, the key unlocking
the gates of joy—if Thou art God.

THE HOLY RELIC CLUB.

(By Joseph Rogers.)

I. Johnson, the Bouncer.

With hair that's light and skin that
flushes red,
He shows the Danish gore the ancient
dead
Have left as artist's dopes, to paint
their heirs
With facial glows and tonings that
were theirs;
Besides, they gave their names to
kith and kin,
So eating men may know why hair
and skin
Are light or dark, or foreign to the
tints
That other breeding round its prod-
uct prints.

The name of Johnson spells a Danish
source
For the chap who ruled our councils
with brute force
As bouncer. For 'ye old and noble
judges'
This brawny lad no form of work
would dodge.
The sacred bones by which the mem-
bers swore
They'd air their likes behind the
council door,
Were valued junk the chairman duly
blest,
And which our Johnson fully boiled
and dressed;
Reminders of the men and times
long gone,
Their puls'd feelings at our meet-
ings shone
To keep alive the memories of the
past,
And that our order treasure trove
amass'd.

Dick's martial eye would flash a
fierce dissent
If some deluded lad on mischief bent
Would try, by skit or joke, or
"thoughtless" deed
To prove that bodied bones we did
not need.
You Furness folk may oft have heard
his roar,
As standing by his cart outside your
door,
He gave by use of lungs a value to
his spurs,
By bawling out a rival's brand of
goods.
Well! then, with such a whoop he
drown'd the groans
That aimed to ditch the order's cher-
ished bones.

But then, what'er on Johnson's color
we may write,
The fact remains, he's strictly white.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

He who is not master of himself is
unworthy to rule others.

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THE HUMAN MIND

WHAT IS IT?

(By Channing Severance.)

The human will has always been regarded by Christians and certain individuals mentally tied to the Bible, as an independent force in man that always had perfect freedom to act, and voluntary choice was that decided action.

There is no more basis for such a claim than there would be to say that a weather-vane controls the direction of the wind. What is termed the human will is nothing but the force of man's desires; and any man who is rash enough to assert that he creates and controls his desires, can be knocked out in one round by reason and logic. The Chinese have a proverb that runs thusly: "Great men have will; others only feeble wishes." When this is inspected and analyzed, we find that all there is to it is this: Great men have stronger desires than some others, whom we call and rate with the nobodies. No man ever performed an act of any kind that was not preceded by desire, and all desires—no exception—are involuntary comers.

Desires are the controlling factors in man's lives, and the strength of them decides the force of men's actions. With weak desires, no man will ever do great things or try to; but if his desires are strong and persistent he will go through hell to gratify them; and then some one will say, "What a will power!" There is no "will power" about it. If a man's desires are strong enough to drive him, he will be driven by them; if they are not, he will depend more on the chances to gratify them than on personal exertion. Lazy men have weak desires, and they drift through life instead of making hard and persistent efforts to accomplish something; while active, vigorous men have strong desires and work with vim and vigor to gratify them. A certain brick-layer had a desire after he had followed that business for years, to be a Methodist preacher, and that desire was so strong it drove him into the pulpit. Had desire of another kind, like that of finding the North Pole, or being the champion pugilist of the world, got hold of him, his course in life would have been different and not one of the others? If he don't know, he don't know, we do. Desires come, exist and exert their influence, and we know no more about them; and in these involuntary visitors is found the source and the cause of man's every act.

I am a philosophical fatalist, and I defy any man that walks the earth to show that we are anything but puppets in the power of universal forces. Every man is what he is from necessity, and we are all playing the parts that circumstances in life have decreed we should play, whether the same be good or bad from the world's moral standpoint. If we have weak desires, it is not our fault; if we have strong desires we deserve no credit for them, but we have character, and we do have will to determine our actions, for desire is the main-spring in every man's life, and "will power" is nothing but another name for it. We are no more free moral agents or actors from choice, than the fish in the sea. The legend is like the "Fall of Man," "The Deluge," and "The Tower of Babel,"—of Babylonian origin, all being obtained during the captivity.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

To appreciate the present we must now and then look into the past and make comparisons. That the world is moving ahead with rapid strides is too apparent for denial, and we are living in an age that nothing in all history ever approached in discoveries, inventions and general utilities that contribute to man's comfort and pleasure. Why are we progressing so remarkably, and why is the world so full of light and knowledge, and intellectual forces and the beneficial results of rational thinking? This query has but one reply that fits it, and gives the true reason for the wonderful activities of mind and muscle that everywhere confront us. Christianity has lost the despotic power it once had, and it is no longer a crime to think freely with imprisonment or death as a penalty; or to have ideas not found in that compound of superstition and nonsense called the Holy Bible. While the world was in bondage to priestcraft and this book, it stood still, and progress was as impossible as the movement of a ship securely anchored or tied by powerful hawsers to some dock.

For long centuries Christianity and the Bible were the world of the world, and yet there are people so stupidly foolish as to bemoan the fact that past power has departed, and to wish

for its restoration. Such people are constantly prating about what will be when these two evils regain ascendancy and once more dominate the realms of Christendom; but were such a thing possible, no greater calamity could befall the race. We know what these two forces did when triumphant in society, and their cruel and bloody record that cannot be destroyed, is sufficient to damn them both to the end of time.

There was no such thing as liberty of thought and action when Christian priests had their way, and he who thinks there would be if they had it again, knows not the nature of priestcraft. All religions are naturally stationary, for they are tied to the dead past and forever trying to keep the world looking backward instead of forward; and that man whose mind is satisfied with false literature is a fit associate for those semibarbarians that wrote the book.

It is idle ideas that move the world, and Christianity has always fought them for self preservation. When the printing press first appeared, its priesthood grew and proclaimed the fact that the art of printing must be destroyed or it would destroy them, and the general decline of Christianity and its power from that day to this gives them some standing as prophets.

Looking back to those days with the inquisition trying to insure uniformity of thought, and the ignorance and stupidity of mankind in general, who think the "good old times," who would select that period as more useable than the present? No one but a religious fanatic or members of a money-hating priesthood. One of the first useful inventions to save human labor was the wheel, when the human mind awoke from the stagnation of Dark Ages; and this was condemned by the priesthood because the Bible had decreed that man must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, and that those of thought and action, of liberty and progress, and their way, our present civilization would be unknown. For it has come only through constant contact with them and their efforts to prevent it.

Modern civilization has come in spite of Christianity, and all the material benefits and blessings that we enjoy today, have come gradually as men applied their time and efforts to this world, and ceased living for the sole purpose of saving their souls and getting into HEAVEN, of which no one knows anything whatever.

THE CREATION LEGEND.

(By Joel M. Berry.)

In the book of Genesis we find two accounts of creation, differing in nearly every detail. So much so, at least, that they neither be reconciled with each other, nor made to harmonize with science or reason. The late Dean Stanley admitted that "the first and second chapters of Genesis contain two narratives differing from each other in almost every particular of time, place and order."

The legend is like the "Fall of Man," "The Deluge," and "The Tower of Babel,"—of Babylonian origin, all being obtained during the captivity.

But here is what we wish to call the attention of the reader to. Notice that in the first account, which includes the first chapter and to the third verse of the second chapter, the word "God" is used in the singular number every time. But when we come to the second account, which commences with the fourth verse of the second chapter, we find the plural word "Lord God" is used in every instance unto the end of the chapter.

Where does the difference come in between the words "God" and "Lord God"? Dr. Hachewie, in his "Evolution of Man," says the first account was written under or during the Elohist period, and the second under what is called the Yavist period. The difference consisting in the appellation applied to deity, the first being Elohim, the second being Yah, erroneously rendered "Lord God" in the authorized version.

The writer says that earth was "without form and void." Now every object must have some form, which is an essential of material existence. "Void" simply means empty or vacant. So to speak of the earth as being—i. e. existing, occupying space, and yet void—is a direct contradiction. Again, light and darkness could not have been created on the first or any other day, for every intelligent, educated person knows

that they are both produced by the relative position of the earth with regard to the sun. But the sun is not consumed in the noonday, when light and darkness could not be divided, for they never were united. Again, in speaking of the fall of man, it must be borne in mind that the Genesis cosmogony is based upon mistaken ideas of the universe, the shape and movements of the earth and sun, and their mutual relations. And upon the truth of the occurrences reported in Genesis rests the whole Christian theory of "Redemption," for if the "fall of man" did not occur, sin did not enter the world by the disobedience of Eve; and if Eve did not sin, there is no sin for mankind to inherit; and consequently no necessity for a redeemer to suffer the sacrifice imputed to Jesus and entailed by the supposed fault of our ancestors.

During the explorations of the ancient cities of Assyria and Babylonia, a number of clay tablets were discovered in 1875, and again in 1887, at Tel-el-Amarna, Egypt. Recently, relics of an ancient library containing the official correspondence between the king of Egypt and the officers and sovereigns of Assyria, Babylonia and other Asiatic countries. A tablet was also discovered among the ruins of Lashish, in Southern Palestine. They disclose the originals of the above legends.

We are waiting anxiously to hear some rousing good reports from the organized Freethinkers of the country. Descriptive of when no man pursueth, but Agnostics are bold as lions.

SOME COSTLY CHURCH PEWS.

So great is the demand for pews in St. John's Episcopal church—which is immediately opposite the White House, with but the beautiful Lafayette Square intervening—that it is the custom to place them at auction whenever a pew owner dies or permanently leaves Washington, and a pew was recently purchased in this church for \$3,000, the highest price on record, according to a Washington letter to the New York Tribune.

New York prices for pews easily surpass the Washington record. A pew in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church has been sold for \$5,000. The costliest pews in the metropolis, and probably in America, are in Temple Emanuel-El, Fifth Avenue and Forty-third street. For annual rent in this synagogue \$6,000 has been paid. Average rentals are from \$2,000 to \$3,000. The price for a pew rented just for the two holidays of the Passover and New Year, in spring and autumn, reaches \$600. Last year \$615 was paid for two seats.

Old Trinity church has few pews to sell, and limits its price to \$125, plus annual ground rent of about \$35, but a pew offered recently in the settlement of an estate brought \$500.

St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal church once received \$30,000 for a pew, but this was hardly a legitimate market quotation, being in the nature of a gift to help the church to meet a debt.

At St. Patrick's Catholic Cathedral \$1,000 is the record pew rent. Two blocks above the cathedral, pews in the temporary structure of St.

Thomas began for \$1,000 to \$1,500. In Brooklyn the best Plymouth church pews rent for \$200 each, and there are fourteen of them. Other pews are as cheap as \$5.

VAUABLE PAINE LETTER.

At a recent sale of Philadelphia, of the letters and papers of Elbridge Gerry, a singer of the Declaration of Independence, a letter by Thomas Paine brought \$31. Paine's letter, dated at Paris, Prarial 10, 6 year (May 29, 1798), as copied by Mr. Jas. S. Eliott, is as follows:

"Sir: I sent you the enclosed paper this morning by Mr. Barlow, but as you were not at home he returned it to me. I send it again, but with the injunction that you return it tomorrow morning at the farthest, as I intend to send it afterwards to L'arveville-Lepeaux. Whether it was prudent in John Adams to make the information it contains public is a matter I leave to your own judgment, or whether it was prudent in the Commissioners to hold conference with unauthorized persons in which the Directory is implicated. I also leave to you to judge of. The persons who employed themselves in this business are concealed under the cyphers W. X. G. X., but they ought to be known in order that the suspicion may not fall on other persons."

—THOMAS PAINE.

Blade Will Still Come.

MCCONNELLSVILLE, O., Dec. 23.—Jas. E. Hughes, Lexington, Ky.: My Dear Sir: Your paper came to me this week in the old form, which I always did like when Bro. Moore had charge of it. I told you when my time was up to stop the paper, as I was not able to take it. I am 73 years old, and crippled up with the rheumatism. While I am sorry to part with it, for I have taken it so

long, I will try and do all I can for you. My time was up last May, and as soon as I can I will remit to you the amount. I owe, Yours—J. H. WHITAKER.

DOG FENNEL

In

THE ORIENT

by

Charles Clifton Moore.

When a young man the author had started out to walk through the Holy Lands on foot, reaching Paris he gave up the journey and returned home. He made the trip by rail and boat about three years before his death. This book gives an account of what he saw and explores numerous Christian myths. It is especially suitable for a present.

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A TRIP TO ROME
by
DR. J. B. WILSON.
The International Congress of Free-thinkers was held in the City of Rome, Italy, September 21, 1904. The author attended that Congress as the American delegate. It is an account of travel and personal experiences that has received an universal encomium from press and people. In it religious dogmas and tales of priestly fiction are ruthlessly exposed while the general style is without comparison in American literature of travel.

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THE SPAIN I PROPHET

A Death That May Mean the Re-education of Spain and the Nations.

(By Thaddeus Burr Wakeman in the New York Truth Seeker).

"Render, therefore, unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things which are God's."—Matt. xxii, 21.

What great men are worth becomes known by the great which they deliver to the world by their death. What their contemporaries are worth is measured and shown by the way they receive and benefit by such messages.

The atrocious way in which the martyrdom of Francisco Ferrer has been made a fact, the all-important message which was the glory of his life, the cause of his martyr-death and his legacy by his last words and his will and testament to his survivors, impose a solemn duty upon them which they cannot escape. His martyr by the powers of darkness is a direct challenge to the world, and progress and right which must be absolutely impossible in the future. Unless that is done, and done effectively, the free-minded people of civilization, indeed the whole modern world, will pass down the ages under an indelible stigma of disgrace—a disgrace which touches every intelligent person now living and which can never be effaced.

What then was this life-object of Ferrer when brought to him death, and to us the first and main duty of life? It was the fact that the human children of this earth are its heirs and possessors, and that their highest duty is to administer its affairs so as to secure the greatest liberty, well-being and progress of "each and all" in every succeeding generation. To this end, like the ideal Christ of old (Matt. xxii, 21), he spent his life in teaching that the selfish greed and power of old Rome should be separated, and receive no tribute from the only God, the all that is. And this separation of the Romish church and "Spiritual Power" from the temporal state must begin by the education of all the children of mankind of this world into which they have been born, and of the laws and principles of social, moral and economic well-being of the state, republic or community of which they are born as parts.

Secular, scientific, practical, education of the Spanish people, commencing with the young, was Ferrer's enthusiasm, religion, and object, and because it was, the powers of darkness hunted up, made up, and bore "false witness" against him and saw a trial when that reported of the ideal Christ of old puts to shame.

What was the head and front of his outstanding? It was that his modern Secular Schools were succeeding, where grew up out of his efforts "An International League for the Rational Education of Children," of which Ferrer was made president, and Professor Isaac, of Germany and Professor Seig, the great American educator, were among the vice-presidents. We read of these schools of his and of the republican mode, exceeding ninety in number, and of school festivals attended by 1,000 children. Care was taken to avoid matters offensive to the government. Nothing touching to disorder or violence was allowed or thought of. What was taught in ways suitable to the advance of the pupils was this curriculum or program of subjects and illustrated studies:

1. The Evolution of Worlds.
2. The Story of the Earth.
3. The Origin of Life.
4. The Evolution of Living Things.
5. The Factors of Organic Evolution.
6. The Origin and Development of Man.
7. Thought.
8. The History of Civilization.
9. Religions.
10. Laws and Morals.
11. Social Organizations.
12. Economic Systems.
13. The Evolution of Technics and Art.
14. The Factors of Social Evolution.
15. Man and the World.

The above course of studies is quoted from Joseph McCabe's "Martyrdom of Ferrer."

The first word of this program, "Evolution," meant anathema and death to the teachers as soon as the Romish church in Spain could get him in its power. This was done by charging him with participation in the uprising of the people in Barcelona; first in 1906, when Ferrer was acquitted, and 1909, when a court martial under church domination refused to hear his defense and ordered his execution. The old Inquisition used to say, "Without the shedding of blood," which meant death by fire, Ferrer was shot. He was to kneel

with bandaged eyes. He asked to stand and receive death with open eyes. He was allowed to stand, but not unbanded. He dared to face death unflinching. But did his executioners fear to have their instruments look him in the eye? Fortunately their bullets through his brain meant instant death.

From every civilized people there rose at once cries of horror and indignation! Here is the tragedy of Bruno re-enacted in our era of science and humanity! What can be, what can humanity do that it may never happen again? What it can and must do is to stand together so that, by the action of peoples and their nations, Spain and its church shall learn that the lesson and message of Ferrer is the condition that humanity now imposes upon rulers who would continue to govern or to exist! There must be a real practical separation of church and state, and the state must do the work that Ferrer began, of making known to each rising generation the world of which it is really a part, and the conditions of a happy lot, fate and duty in it.

And how may this be done? By the general uprising and voice of the people everywhere, and where they have any power through their representative government, too.

Mr. Soreau proposes that a general congress of free-minded people of the world be held in Spain—at Barcelona, if possible to teach and impress these lessons in a way to show that the results of blood and violence will not be the repeating of them. This may be well, if that congress can represent societies now, or to be existing, so as to send delegates in quantity that will add strength, weight, and reality to the voices of the peoples, the press, and the governments whence they come.

The first step is to consider how all this interest and feeling can take practical shape. That first matter may come up at the next dinner and meeting of the Sunrise Club of New York, where many of the wise, free, liberal, and just-feeling counsellors and friends of liberty and humanity and justice will be present. And no tribute from the only God, the all that is. And this separation of the Romish church and "Spiritual Power" from the temporal state must begin by the education of all the children of mankind of this world into which they have been born, and of the laws and principles of social, moral and economic well-being of the state, republic or community of which they are born as parts.

It can be done!—but only done by the establishment and extension in every land of the Modern Secular Scientific Schools of which Francisco Ferrer was the father in Spain. The very first need and right of every child that is born into this world really is to be taught and so learn what the world really is and what the means and condition of a useful, happy and successful life in it and for it must be. The first duty, therefore, of every generation is to know and that this indispensable knowledge is actually imparted. What that knowledge really is, is shown by the program and curriculum of Ferrer's "Modern Secular" above quoted. What the Romish powers of darkness think of it, is shown by the bullets through his brain. No, not by men nor by any of their churches or aid can such saving knowledge be imparted. That can be done only by a really secular and intelligent Republican state sustained by a people themselves secular and intelligent.

The church vote is a practical device with a veto or threat over all political and educational affairs. I apply to the kindergarten up to the highest universities in the land, and to every political party and candidate. It is being dealt out in Utah. As against that power of darkness generally working in the dark, what chance has a simple American citizen in the open? We know the danger of the American citizen, who is national and international? Who are becoming the teachers in our so-called public and "secular" schools who the successful candidates and nominees for office? Our President chosen—our last two Presidents got expected? How much longer must this transformation go on before the murder of a Ferrer in America will be as "natural" and inevitable as the one the enlightened world now mourns over with such righteous indignation in Spain?

Let our renaturalization laws provide for the renaturalization not only of all allegiance to every prince, power and potentate on earth, but also to every so-called pope, priest, church, or other religious power as to faith or morals, or any other power, or any of the laws of our country, and trary to the well-being of its people, as may hereafter declare.

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JAMES E. HUGHES, Lexington, Ky.

HUMAN AFFECTION

(Continued from Page 1.)

I want to see the development and progress all along the line. I would be a God if I could, and I would like to see the whole world within my arms.

I want to see all of earth's unfortunate, especially those made so by tyranny and hereditary have another chance. I want them to be repaid for the degradation and affliction imposed upon them for the benefit of others.

I want to see the crippled, the crooked and deformed stand straight and be beautified. Some time ago, as I was passing along a street I met a little old bunch of a woman, hobbling upon two sticks. Her head was almost on her face to her hips. I never before witnessed a human being walk with head so low. Her legs were crooked so far under her, they seemed to prop up her breast. As she walked, or rather sidled and hobbled along, her face to the pavement, she presented a strange and curious sight.

I turned and followed her some distance, having a curiosity to speak to her and to see her face. When I spoke, it was with great difficulty that she turned her face, half way to one side (she could not look up and forward) to see who was speaking to her. I shall never forget the expression on that face—the pained, weakened look, the agony, the vacant gaze, the years of pain written there.

I asked her if she had suffered an accident, or what might have been the cause of her affliction? She said she didn't know, that she had been that way since a child. I asked a little while later, asked her how she suffered pain, and if she could stand. She said she suffered all the time, and reading was the only joy she had on earth. I was thankful for that.

As she hobbled on, I looked at her and said, "I hope that woman, that creature, that thing, will be given another life, to repay her for the misdeeds of this, which are no fault of her own. I hope she will live again to stand straight like others."

For the pain and humiliation of his life, for her endless disappointments, for her sad, secret, hopeless longings. I hope she will live again, to be endowed with superior gifts of body and brain; that she will have a face like a Phryne, lit with eyes that are fountains of thought and song; have glorious trends to sweep her heels like gold-lined clouds down on a ray more; great blowing breasts to dangle with sweet passion and chaste yearnings of motherhood; limbs, dimpled and rosy, full curved and straight, to bear her along with voluptuous grace.

I hope that poor, emaciated, crooked form will be straight and rosy; that she will be thrilled with potent passion and palpitating desire; inspired by ambition and glorified by ennobling thought.

I know not whence she came nor whither she went, and have never seen her since; but I trust the few kind words of sympathy I gave her will linger in her memory, and lead her to feel that she is not altogether repulsive; not altogether an object to be gazed at; not altogether out of harmony with the universe, but that pity still links her to human tenderness, while hope, over weaves a rainbow fringe of transformation over her shivered form and misty brain.

There may be some who read this,

who likewise, in degree, are thus afflicted. If so, I want them to know and feel my sympathy, and that I hope, if for no other reason, that there will be another life, just for their sakes; that the bent backs may be straightened, that their heads be lifted high toward "the upward looking and the light."

An immortality, a new life of happiness, as long at least as the present average life, cannot be too good for such, or for all who sorrow, suffer and sacrifice.

When I think of the suffering in the world, of the ravages of war and famine, of the persecution of the weak, the cruelty to women and children, the disease and degeneration inflicted upon the innocent through ignorance, the curse of superstition, its inquisitions and slaughters, the acquisition of territory through death and conquest, the general selfishness and cruelty of man, the corruption of virtue, the tyranny of governments, the grinding power of plutocracy, the millions who through various adverse causes, are naught but driftwood on the stream of time, I cannot but wish to see a rectification of all this chaos, of crime and suffering and we, under circumstances which this life does not afford.

In these remarks, my affections have spoken, not my reason. Were I to speak, now, from the standpoint of reason, (and I will discuss this subject from this standpoint in some near issue) I would speak in almost direct opposition to these statements.

The world though is directed by these two extremes—Reason and Love. The primary government of man is founded upon the affection and wisely so. The affections are the children of ignorance and instinct. As the horizon of our experience expands and models multiply, we enter into a still atmosphere and love and admiration perceptibly vanish.

Reason disintegrates, Love unites. Reason exalts, Love tempers affection. Though Reason is the highest power, yet it is not all powerful nor all essential. Reason may cure the sick, but not suffering. It has many eyes to see evil, but how often it is helpless to prevent them.

Men are destined to reason wrongly as well as rightly—like the clergy—to reason backward instead of forward, to take deals from the past, instead of the present. They were trained that way and cannot help it. They have a tender, sensitive regard for ancient ghosts, which never appear to them, and they spend about half of their lives in mourning for a body. They cannot always help it.

Some are destined not to reason at all, and some are destined to persecute those who do reason.

Such a complex state of affairs existing, seemingly necessarily, more and more I perceive that Reason should never leave Affection behind, but hand in hand should go dispensing light and joy along their shining march.

We cannot get away from suffering.

The world is full of bruised and crushed hearts and desolate spirits; means of sorrow ever vein-like thro' the sunshine and under the laughter, however gay and loud; pillows of pain and chambers where the soft step of sleep will not tread, are all over the world. Among the flowers there is no perpetual bloom; the world is furrowed with grave mounds and the darkness and silence are everywhere, where no sweet care or gentle word can do good. One after

another of our dear ones go from us, and pass out into the darkness, and with our feet stumbling among their graves the golden summer sunshine seems only to bleach white our hair, and not to be Nature's loving baptism for the just and unjust.

And pain knits itself to pain, and complaint joins itself to complaint, till a thankless, if not reproachful, undertone runs through all the world; and to millions life becomes a heavy burden, an ache among ruins. More and more I perceive the necessity of cherishing the affections.

There is no more of Love's supporting arm, Along life's slippery pathway and its frost; There is no more need for Love to wrap us warm From winter winds when summer flowers are lost.

There is more need of Liberals cultivating the social instinct, of being affectionate among themselves; for they, too, in addition to suffering all the pains and afflictions of others, must suffer extraneous and more or less contempt and martyrdom for their principles.

The Liberal is essentially affectionate in his relations to mankind, but I am sorry to say, has not that warmth of affection for his own class that he should have. This may be due partly, from lack of contact through organization.

Toward others, the Liberal is the most affectionate of men. He exhibits this affection in the self-sacrifices he makes in helping others to become intellectually free. The Liberal is peaceable. He opposes war. He does not coerce. He gains converts by compelling none. He does not resort to the strategies of opposing brutal force. He does not seek to shed human blood. He wants every one to have health and happiness in this world. He does not sigh for the bowers of paradise and trample the flowers of this life under his feet.

I would that the affection Liberals bestow upon mankind, they would equally bestow upon each other.

Reason will never be popular, and neither will Atheism, its child. Passions, emotions, especially the religious, may be popular, because they belong to the ignorant many; but Reason ever remains the property of the select few.

Said Renoussfeldt: "No affections and a great brain—these are the men to command the world."

I would be proud to command men; but let my brain be no so great, and my affections large.

Like George Eliot, I believe that "affection is the broadest basis of a good life." It is affection which leads me to devote a large part of my time in assisting my fellow man out of the slough of ignorance into which superstition has plunged him; away from the wrath of a brutal god, and the fears of a hell, born of the evil natures of men and designing theologians.

To lift the ignorant to a higher plane, Reason must always be tempered by Affection. They should work together.

The proper work of man, the grand drift of human life, is to follow Reason; to walk ever more to higher paths by brightening Reason's lamp. The drift of intelligence is always toward Reason—never towards religion.

"From the death of the old, the new proceeds. And the life of truth from the rot of creeds."

In the face of the growing intelligence of the world, the clergy continue to chatter their gibberish about a wrathful god presiding over a selfish heaven, and an endless hell of torment, an immaculate conception, a blood atonement, and foolish miracles, all of which are employed to mental enslavement of the masses.

There can be no remedy for this crime but the exercise of Reason, tempered with Affection. Men can only be led—gently, affectionately. Perfect Reason, without Affection, in order not to frighten childhood and to stupefy the reasoning powers, the result is, it leads us to be wise with discretion. "Reason," says Confucius, "should teach us to think wisely, to speak prudently and to behave worthily."

Let us employ Reason, then, the highest attribute to our beings, with Affection, the tenderest. With Affection let us ever stand amid the errors, the vices, the wrongs, the sorrows of humanity; with Reason let us walk among the stars.

THE INQUISITION OLDER THAN ISABELLA

(By A. J. Boyer.)

It matters little in itself as to the introduction of religious informalism in the world,—enough to know that it has cursed mankind, down through the ages, from savagery to civilization, and is cursing mankind still; but it may be best to keep history straight, in our recounting of the religious abominations of the past.

Thus Isabella and Ferdinand of Spain, are usually designated as the authors of the Inquisition in Spain. The careers of these infamous, fanatical Christian rulers was had enough, but they did not introduce the Inquisition—they merely gave their powerful sanction, and established it at the time of the union of Aragon and Castile in 1480,—first at Seville, and under the authority of Sixtus V. Dominic, the founder of the Dominican Order, "a man of most bloodthirsty disposition, and one of those fanatical enthusiasts whose consciences justify any means for the attainment of a desired end," was the founder of the Spanish Inquisition. He was born in 1170, and organized the system of torture early in the thirteenth century, about 1210-12.

I simply want to make this correction of a statement included in the splendid article of Harold Panning, published in the Blade of Dec. 19th, wherein he says: "Inspired by religion, Isabella established the Inquisition, and the scream of the tortured victims were heard for the first time in the towns and cities of Spain."

Mama's Business.

Little Minna was saying her prayers. When she had finished her usual petitions, her mother said: "You have forgotten, dear, 'Make Minna a good girl,' you know." "Oh, mother," she answered, reproachfully, "don't let's bother God about that; that's your business."